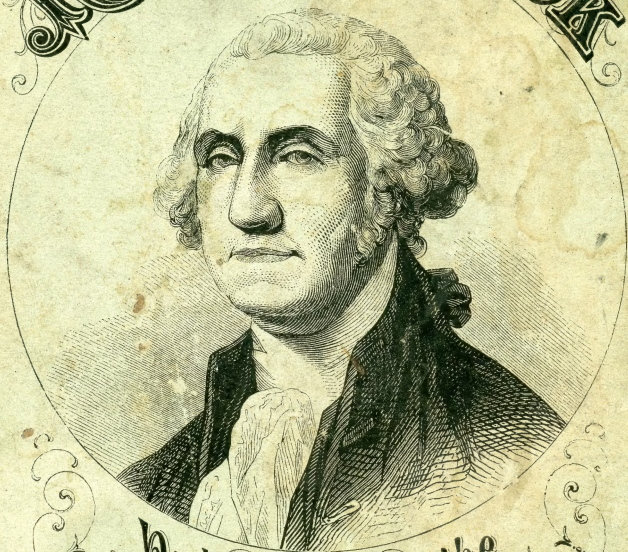
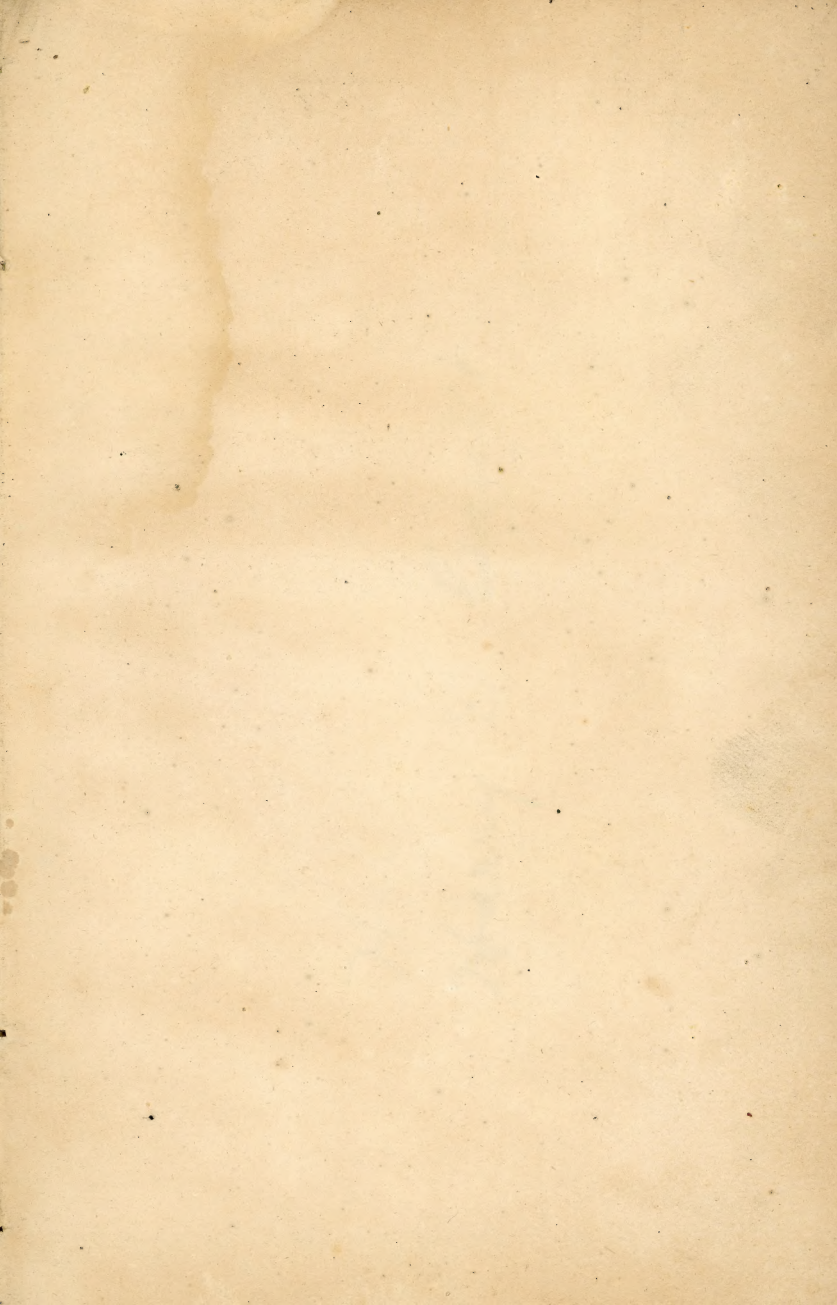


United States
FIRST
Reading Book



Published by the
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 NASSAU ST.
NEW YORK.



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UNITED STATES

1857

James B. Wolf

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THE
UNITED STATES
FIRST READING-BOOK.



I.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

DID you ever think how much work it is to make a bird's nest? Perhaps you could not make one if you tried for a week; yet you have a mind, to think what you want, speech to ask for it, and hands to work with.

The bird has no hands, only a little weak bill to use; and she cannot ask for any thing. But she hops about and picks up straw, wool, little sticks, and feathers, and with some clay makes it all into a nice nest.

Is it not strange that a bird can do what you cannot? It is God who teaches her to do it, and then puts green leaves on the trees, to keep the hot sun and the cold wind from it.

“What do you think she makes the nest for? To sleep in? Oh, no; she can perch on the twig of a tree, put her head under her wing, and sleep there nicely till the sun rises.

But she must have a place to lay her eggs, and keep her little birds until they are strong enough to fly away and take care of themselves.

When they are small, she flies off in the daytime and looks all around for worms and flies for their food; then she sits over them all night to keep them warm, and chirps to them till they go to sleep.

But she does not go very far out of sight of her nest; and she keeps on the watch all the time, lest it should be robbed.

She takes all this care of them because she loves them, just as your mother loves you.

Boys, when you go to rob a bird's nest, just stop and think how unhappy your mother would be, if some strange man should come and carry her children off.

We should be very careful not to give pain to any thing God has made, even a poor little bird



II.

THE BOY'S SONG.

A MAN who was going to the railroad station to take the cars, heard a little boy who was sitting on a door-step, singing,

“There ’ll be no sorrow there,
There ’ll be no sorrow there.”

“Where?” asked he, for his mind was struck by the words; “where is there no sorrow?” The boy said,

“In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There ’ll be no sorrow there.”

The man went on, to take his seat in the cars; but he could not forget the words of the little boy’s simple song.

A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great idea that filled his mind. He had been a bad man, but now he made up his mind to become a Christian; and he began to live a new life, to prepare for that land where there is no sorrow.

There "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."



III.

A LITTLE CHILD MAY BE USEFUL,

A LITTLE child I am indeed,

And little do I know;

Much help and care I yet shall need,

That I may wiser grow,

If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan:
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-by.

IV.

A SHORT MEMORY.

“SIR,” said a man who met a minister going home from church one Sabbath afternoon, “did you meet a boy on the road, driving a cart with rakes and pitchforks in it?”



"I think I did," said the minister; "a boy with a short memory, was he not?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" asked the man, looking very much surprised.

"I think he had," said the minister; "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man, greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister in a serious tone, "the great God gave us this law from Mount Sinai, '*Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;*' and that boy has forgotten all about it."

V.

TRUSTING FATHER.

IN a town in Scotland there is a rocky mountain, which in ages long ago had been rent apart,

forming two steep walls of about two hundred feet high.

On the slopes and ledges of these high walls grow vast numbers of wild flowers of great beauty. Some gentlemen, in visiting that part of the country, wished to collect some of these lovely flowers.

How to get them they did not know; but at length they thought they might be got by letting down some person over the cliff by a rope.

"If you will gather us some of those flowers," said they to a Scottish boy who lived near the spot, "we will reward you with a good sum of money."

The boy looked down into the depth, and shrank from the task. But the money was tempting. Could he trust the strangers? Could he risk his life while they held him over the cliff?

He felt that he could not. But then there was his father not far off; so, looking once more at the cliff, and then at the money, he said, "I will go down if my father holds the rope."

If he could only have the strong hand and loving heart of his father at the upper end of the rope, he thought he could go down into the deep place in safety.

And so it was: his father held the rope, the flowers were picked, and he gained the reward.

Are you trusting in Jesus, as the Scottish boy trusted to the rope held by his father's hand? Do you believe Jesus can save you? Seek for the grace of the Holy Spirit to renew your heart; and show how strong is your faith by a life of holy obedience.



VI.

WATER.

SOME children were in my room the other day, and I asked them to tell me what water was good for.

“Good to drink,” said one.

“Good to wash clothes with,” said a second.

“Good to wash dishes with,” said a third.

And a little timid blue-eyed girl, whose cheeks were so clean they fairly shone, lisped, “Good to wash our faces with.”

“Pshaw,” exclaimed her brother John, “I should be ashamed to say *that*, Fan; *I* say it’s good to swim in.” This grand speech produced a short silence. At length some one said,

“Good to make tea with.”

“And coffee,” said another.

“Good to paddle a boat in,” said John.

"And steamboats," added another.

"And ships; great big ships with sails," shouted a third. Then came a pause, in which all seemed buried in profound thought.

"It's good to rain with," said the clean-faced little Fanny.

"And for snow," added John.

"Why, snow is n't water by a great deal," stoutly asserted Mary T——, a child five years old, with very rosy cheeks.

"I should like to know if it's any thing else," said John. "Melt it, and you'll see what it's made of."

Another pause. "You have remembered many of the uses of water," said I; "but there are some important ones still omitted. There is one I should expect you to think of now," I said, as a train of cars went whizzing by, not twenty rods from my window.

"Cars don't go by water," said little Fanny.

"No, indeed," said some one in reply.

"It's good for cows to drink."

"Yes, and for horses, and dogs, and sheep."

"And our little canary birds," said Mary T——.

"Yes, every animal drinks water," I said; "but there are still some things forgotten. Who will think?"

"Oh, I don't love to think," said little Fanny.

"It's good to turn mills with," said John. "Why didn't I think of that before? Saw-mills and grist-mills and all kinds of mills go by water."

"Yes," said I; "that opens a wide field of use-

fulness before us, for all our manufacturing machinery is carried by water. Who will think again?" Finally all declared they could think of nothing else, and even John Patterson *gave out*, as he called it.

"Water is good for steam," said I; "and steam is one of the most important agents known. It is doing wonders in our day."

"Why, how many things water is good for," exclaimed little Fanny; "I never thought of them all before."

"Little girls ought to think," said I. "To go through such a world as this without thinking, is very much like taking a journey with your eyes shut. Unless the eyes of your mind are wide open, you will never perceive the excellency and beauty with which you are surrounded, or know the exceeding kindness of your heavenly Father.

Having now seen how useful water is, you will understand why it is found in all portions of the earth, and so plentifully distributed. Just imagine for a moment a world without water. What would be the consequences? Every human being, man, woman, and child, would perish of thirst, whether living in city or country, whether rich or poor, whether American or European, Asiatic or African; all would die a dreadful death."

"But could n't they drink milk?" suggested Mary.

"Why, the cows would n't give any milk if they did n't get water to drink," said John.

"And not only all human beings, but all the races of animals found on the face of the earth

would perish. Every beast that prowls through the lonely forest; every animal that loves the dwelling of man, or ministers to his wants; all the feathered tribes; and all the fishes in the great sea would at once die for want of water. All these are thirsty as well as man, and to all God has given drink. He is a kind Father, who never forgets the wants of his creatures, or fails to supply them. Let us be thankful for his goodness, and praise him for it with loving hearts continually."

VII.

THE WORKS OF GOD. PSALM 8.

O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens!
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
Hast thou ordained strength,
Because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy
fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
Or the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the
angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor,
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works
of thy hands.

Thou hast put all things under his feet:
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the
seas.

O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

VIII.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

THE way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow pathway fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble,
When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path full well.

They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

IX.

LITTLE THINGS.

ONCE there was a little boy, who by using very small means, saved a whole town full of people from death. In Holland the land is very low and flat, and they build high banks to keep out the water of the sea.

If these banks should break, the water would rush in and carry-away the houses and drown the people.

One day just at dark this boy was coming home from an errand, and saw the water running through a small hole in the bank.

He knew how much harm would be done if that little place was not stopped; for it would soon grow larger, and let the sea flow in all over the town. What should he do? If he went to call help it might be too late.

He soon made up his mind what to do. He sat down by the side of the bank, and put his hand over the hole, to wait until some one should pass.

The night came, and there he sat, though he was cold, tired, and hungry. The night seemed very long; but at last morning came, and still he waited.

At length a man came by, and hearing a groan, looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy in that strange place.

"I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the town from being drowned," said the boy, with lips so cold and stiff he could hardly speak.

The man took the boy's place, while he went for help. The bank was mended, and the town was saved.

The boy's little hands and feet kept back the water when the hole was small; but he could have done nothing if the waters had been rushing in full force.

Just so with our angry feelings; a little prayer to our Saviour, that he will help us when the cross, sinful feeling first comes, may quiet us; but if we give way to it, it becomes like the rushing water, carrying all before it.

X.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

MOTHER, watch the little feet

Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,

Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time 't will cost:
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.



Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
“Why to me this weary task?”
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By thy happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 't is broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true:
Pull up every hurtful weed,
Sow the good and precious seed;
Harvests rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.



XI.

THE DOG, AND MAN.

God has made every thing for some good use,
and he has so contrived it, that it can and ought to
do what it was made for.

What can the TREE do? It can put forth leaves,

to shade the men and the cattle and the little birds that come under its shelter; it can cover itself with blossoms; and it can bear a load of ripe and sweet fruit, such as boys and men love. And since the tree *can* do these and other things, and was *meant* to do them, God expects every fig-tree to bear not only leaves, but ripe figs; and if it does not, he says, "Cut it down; why cumberst it the ground?"

What can the SUN do? It can hold the planets in their orbits, and it can give us light and heat. God expects it to do what he made it for; and if it did not obey him, he would blot it out, and make a sun that would do all a sun ought to.

What can a BIRD do? It can fly in the air, and build a nest for its young, and sing its merry songs of praise to God. If the lark should do every thing else that God made it for, but should not leave its dewy nest at the dawn of day, and soar high up into the sky, and warble its sweet morning hymn, God would not be pleased with it.

What can a CHILD or a MAN do? A great many things that no bird or beast can do, but one thing above all—the great thing for which he was made: he can *know God*, and love him, and serve him, and pray to him, and be a true child of God. This is what no animal can do. The ox, the horse, and the dog, poor things, never can have even the least idea of God; and when they die, there is an end of them.

But we all have a *soul*, and it never, never can die; and if it does not live to know and love and obey and enjoy God, it does not do the very thing

for which he made it. This is worse than for a tree not to bear fruit, or the sun not to shine; for there is nothing in the world so noble as the soul, and for the soul not to love God is the greatest of crimes.

But alas, every tree and bird and dumb brute acts its part better than man does. The faithful dog, for example: how he loves his master; how he waits on him all day, and guards him all night; how he watches his eye to learn what he wants, and how swiftly he obeys; how he fawns round him for a caress, and sometimes will lie down and die of grief on his master's grave. The dog does his duty nobly; how much more ought men to love and obey God.

But they do not. As He says, "The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass its master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider." See that crowd in the market; how many of them do you think truly love God, and have prayed to him this morning, and are doing all they do so as to please him? He looks down from heaven to see if they seek after him; but except a few Christians, "they are all gone astray, there is none that doeth good, no, not one." Most men no more love God or live to please him, than if they had no soul—like a dog or a horse.

Such souls are on the way not to heaven, but to hell. God loves us, and calls us to-day to come back to him and he will welcome us; "and I will be a Father unto you," he says, "and ye shall be my sons and my daughters."



XII.

THE WILFUL KITTEN.

"Now," said an old puss to one of her children, as she washed her face and paws, "I charge you, Kitty, not to go into the next gentleman's yard, for great dog Jowler lies there; he has horrid teeth and a terrible snarl, and he is always on the lookout for stray cats."

"Remember, and keep at home; we have a snug garden, a sweet haymow, kind friends, capital tit-bits, and work enough—rats and mice a plenty. So, do not stroll off with bad company, visiting places where you have no business to be, and disgracing your bringing up; for you know better, Kitty, you do."

But Kitty had a saucy look; she boxed her

mother's ears, in play to be sure, hoisted her tail, and away she frisked after a dead leaf. Kit did not look at all like minding; and after her mother had gone to bed on the haymow, she kept up her moonlight rambles, going about nobody knows where, and cutting up all sorts of capers, like a silly little Kit as she was.

One night when she and some of her companions were scudding across Jowler's yard, he, much disturbed by their noise at an hour when he thought all honest folks ought to be abed and asleep, started up and made after them in a violent rage; and poor Kitty, in her fright, got entangled in some brier-bushes, and so fell into Jowler's power. He seized her by the neck with his terrible mouth, shook the breath out of her body, and tossed her over the fence.

"Oh, oh!" cried Mary and Willy, when they found their little favorite stiff and cold the next morning. "Oh," cried their mother, pussy's mistress, "you little puss! She bid fair to be an excellent mouser." "O dear," mewed the old cat, "O dear, such are the fruits of disobedience. How many a wilful child comes to an untimely end."

XIII.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow.
I press it to my heart.



For many generations past
Here was our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.
Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet;
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die. G. P. MORRIS.



XIV.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom a hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was first: that the princes

might give accounts unto them, and the king should have no damage. Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.

Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him: King Darius, live for ever! All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors and the princes, the counsellors and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king! he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king! establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the decree. Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God. Then they came near and spake before the king concerning the king's decree: Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any god or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?

The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Then answered they and said before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king! nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day. Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him: and he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver him.

Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, O king! that the law of the Medes and Persians is, that no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed. Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.

And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel. Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of mu-

sic brought before him: and his sleep went from him.

Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel; and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God! is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?

Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever! My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: for as much as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king! have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

XV.

JOHN'S ORDERS.

JOHN stopped. The others looked behind and saw he was not following. "Come," they both shouted; "come. Don't be a fool!" "Can't," shouted John back again; "can't break orders." "What special orders have *you* got?" they asked, looking round. "I'm sure your aunt never told you not to go."



"I've got orders, positive orders not to go there; orders that I *dare* not disobey." "It's all nonsense," said the boys; "you need not try to make us believe any body has been giving you orders not to go to the alley. Come, show 'em to us, if you can; show us your orders."

John took a red wallet from his pocket, which he opened, and pulled out a neatly folded paper: "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys. They both took it, and Frank read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go

not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." "Why, it's nothing but Scripture," he cried. "Yes," John said, "it is nothing more nor less than the word of God; it is *His* order.

"This was almost the first verse I ever learned, and I do not know how many times my mother used to repeat it to me before she died; and when I have a pen in my hand, and am going to write without thinking, this verse always comes uppermost: so I always keep it with me, and I've always minded it; I minded it when I was a little boy, and I mean to now I am older.

"And so, boys, when any body asks me to go to bad or doubtful places, as I know this is, I've got an answer for them—*my orders forbid it*. 'Go not in the way of evil men; *avoid it, pass not by it*, turn from it.' There's no mistake, you see; so, if you go to the alley, *I go home*."

This was indeed a manly stand. Would that every boy who knows the right—and few are ignorant of it in these days—could steadfastly maintain it; for it is not so much ignorance as indecision, that ruins so many.

Take John's motto; learn its full meaning; impress it upon your mind; carry it about with you; make it the man of your counsel, for it is the warning and command of the holy Scripture.

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Proverbs 4:14, 15.



XVI.

THE STRAYED LAMB.

A GIDDY lamb, one afternoon,
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.
Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him;

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
He saw it where it fainting lay,
He clasped his arms around it;
And closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He took it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him—
Blest while they live; and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him for ever. Young Reaper.

XVII.

KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY.

ONE beautiful spring, a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of his largest fields in corn. But the neighboring crows, not having the fear of law in their hearts, found their way to the farmer's cornfield, and picked up many a plump kernel of corn.

The farmer, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed, determined to drive the bold birds away to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and, being very tame, it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. Strolling around some time after the farmer's declaration of war against birds in general, and crows in particular, whom should it see but a number of these bold black robbers en-

gaged industriously in picking up the corn out of the ground.

"Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged with them in what I suppose was quite an interesting conversation on the many advantages of a country over a city life.

Their friendly talk might have been quite prolonged, had not a passing wind wafted it to the ears of the farmer, who was busily at work in his barnyard.

Up he started, and sallied forth with his gun. Reaching his cornfield at length, he saw at a glance the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired; and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

As the farmer advanced to see what execution he had made, the unwounded crows arose in the air, and took their flight for home. On looking among the murdered crows, great was his surprise to see, stretched upon the ground, his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled, and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping *bad company*."

The parrot did not reply, probably because it did not know exactly what to say; but it looked very solemn, which answered just as well. On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed,

"What did it, father? What hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company, bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Aye, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg; and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company, bad company!"

XVIII.

TIGER'S SAGACITY.

AT one of the Newfoundland fisheries, a boat and crew trying to enter a small harbor found themselves outside a long line of breakers, in great peril. The wind and weather had changed since the boat went out in the morning, and her getting safely back seemed pretty doubtful. The people on shore saw her danger, but could not help her. Every moment increased the danger, and anxious friends ran to and fro.

Among the crowd was a large dog, which seemed fully alive to the peril of the boat and the anxiety of those on shore. He watched the boat, surveyed



the breakers, and appeared to think as earnestly as any body, *What can be done?*

At last he boldly plunged into the angry waters, and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wanted to join them, and tried to take him aboard. No, he would not go within their reach, but swam around, diving his head and sniffing, as if in search of something.

What was he *up to*? What did the creature mean? What did he want? "Give him the end of the rope," cried one of the sailors, divining what was in the poor dog's brain; "that's what he wants."

A rope was thrown out; the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, not long after—thanks to the intelligence and sagacity of Tiger—the boat and crew were landed safe and sound.

Be kind to the dogs. Many a heroic deed and faithful service have they done for man.

XIX.

“I’M GOOD FOR SOMETHING.”

A YOUNG man, whose dullness was such that every effort to turn him to account in a dry-goods’ store was found to be in vain, received notice from his employer that he did not suit, and must go.

“But I’m good for something,” pleaded the poor fellow, loath to be turned into the street.

“You are good for nothing as a salesman, anyhow,” said the merchant, regarding him from a business point of view.

“I am sure I can be useful,” repeated the young man.

“How? Tell me how.”

“I don’t know, sir; I don’t know.”

“Nor do I;” and the merchant laughed as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed.

“Only don’t put me away, sir, don’t put me away. Try me at something besides selling; I cannot sell: I know that I cannot sell.”

“I know that, too; that is what is wrong.”

“But I can make myself useful somehow; I know I can.”

The dull boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little pleasing that he was nearly sent adrift, was tried at something else.

He was placed in the counting-house, where his skill in figures soon showed itself; and in a few years he became the chief cashier in the concern.

Boys, be sure and be good for something.



XX.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

MANY a mother thinks, while watching her little boy at play, or seeing him trudge off to school, "Oh that my son might make a Washington!" And many a boy, as he reads the thrilling story of the Revolution, wishes *he* could be like George Washington.

As one father is all that is allowed us, and Washington is justly called the father of his country, that post cannot be filled over again. And you may never be commander-in-chief, or President of the United States; but you may and ought to copy Washington's manly virtues—his wisdom, foresight, prudence, self-restraint, patient continuance in well-doing, fear of God, and deep sense of duty.

Perhaps, however, some of the little boys have not quite climbed up to manly virtues. Is there no way *they* can be like Washington? Oh, yes. They

can be *truth-loving* and *truth-telling*, as Washington was when a little boy like them.

Once, you know, his father gave him a hatchet. A tool like that is what every boy likes; and George roamed about the garden, hatchet in hand, trying it, I suppose, upon nearly every thing in his way. By-and-by he came to a young cherry-tree, and began to hack that; and he hacked and hacked, and then went off.

This cherry-tree happened to be a choice tree in the garden, and a favorite tree of his father. Not long after, his father came along that way, and found with sorrow and surprise his fine cherry-tree well-nigh ruined. "George," he asked sternly, "who did this?"

Did George answer, "I do n't know, sir?" No. Did he lay the blame on the gardener or the gardener's son? No. He looked up to his father with a quivering lip, for he was sorry to see his father feel so, and said, "FATHER, I CAN'T TELL A LIE. I DID IT." Ah, the loss of the cherry-tree was nothing in comparison with the truthfulness of his son. Boys, we know, are often tempted to deceive. Whenever you are, like Washington say, "*I can't tell a lie;*" and, come what will, *speaking the truth.*

XXI.

WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,

The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From perishing in hell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven,
That through the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.

We won't give up the Bible,
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part.

XXII.

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child about seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with half-pence. I went directly towards a shop, where toys were sold for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way, in



the hands of another boy, I offered him all my money for it.

I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation.

My reflections on the subject gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This little event, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that

often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Do not give too much for the whistle," and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I said to myself, This man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; He pays indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; Poor man, said I, you indeed pay too much for your whistle.

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind or of fortune, to mere sensual gratifications; Mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison; Alas! said I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

DR. FRANKLIN.

XXIII.

THE BROKEN SAW.

A BOY went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys long; they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. “Sam’s a *good* boy,” said his mother. “I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him,” growled the new master.

It is always hard to *begin* with a man who has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try; the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer too for a boy of his age; nevertheless the saw broke in his hands.

“And Mr. Jones will *thrash* you for it,” said

another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course I didn't mean to, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorry air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones *never* makes allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw any thing like him. Bill Ford might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He did not dare to tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and suspecting, and laid every thing out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or no, till he couldn't stand it, and *would n't*."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was afraid to, Mr. Jones has such a temper." "I think he had better told of it at once," said Sam. "I reckon you'll find it easier to preach than to practise," said the boy; "I'd run away before I'd tell him;" and he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

It was after supper, and he was not likely to see Mr. Jones that night. The shop was shut, and his master had gone to some town meeting. The next morning he would get up early, go into the wood-house, and see what was done, for Sam would never *hide* the saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out in the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she was n't sociable, and he would rather not. "O my God," said Sam, falling on his knees,

"help me to do the thing that is right." Sam had always *said* his prayers, but he had not put his whole heart into his prayer as he did that night: that night he prayed.

I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you found it in the morning."

"What did you *get up* to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones; "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness." "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. *That's* right; that's *right*. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows what's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done to Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to live with. It was *their* conduct which soured him and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.



XXIV.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

THERE was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, and grounds arranged with taste to please the eye and afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views, and all the delightful fruits that could be produced. There was one

superb old oak, so high and grand that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilacs, and flowering shrubs of every kind; in short, nothing was wanting to make it a beautiful spot.

One day the king's head-gardener came in, and exclaimed, "O king, pray come out and see what is the matter with your garden; every thing is wilting, and drooping, and dying." While he spoke, the other gardeners came rushing up, and all had the same sad story to tell. So the king went out, and there, to be sure, he found it all as they had said.

He went first up to his grand old oak-tree, his pride and admiration, and said, "Why, oak, what's the matter with you, that you are withering and dying?" "Oh," said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no flowers or fruit, and I take up so much room, and besides, my branches spread so wide and thick that it is all dark and shady under them, and no flowers and fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose-bush it would be worth while, for I should bear sweet flowers; or, if I were a peach or a pear-tree, or even like the grape-vine, I could give you fruit."

Then the king went on to his favorite rose-bush, and said, "Well, rose-bush, what's the matter with you; why are you so drooping?" "Why," said the rose-bush, "I'm of no use; I have no fruit, I bear nothing but flowers: if I were an oak, like that grand one in the middle of the grounds, I should be of some use; for then I should be seen for miles

around, and should do honor to your garden. But as it is, I might just as well die."

The king next came to a grape-vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and the trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said, "Grape-vine, what's the matter with you; why are you lying so dolefully on the ground?" "Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor weak creature I am: I can't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or a post: and what good can I do? I neither give shade like the oak, nor bear flowers like the shrubs. I can't even so much as make a border for a walk, like the box. I must always depend on something else, and surely I am of no use."

So on went the king, quite in despair to see all his place going to destruction. But suddenly he spied a little heart's-ease, low down by the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible. He stopped, and said, "You dear little heart's-ease, what makes you look so bright and blooming, when every thing around you is wilting away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here: if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have set out a rose-bush; and if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grape-vine. But I knew that what you wanted of me was to be a heart's-ease; and so I thought I would try and be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I can."

Can you see the moral? God didn't want a grown-up, learned, rich, great man in the place where he put you; if he had, he would have made one. He wants you to be a child, while you are a child; but he wants you to be a good child, and the "very best little heart's-ease that ever you can." Will you try?

XXV.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate, if we may credit the fable, changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire," exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of

reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden impulse. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum, "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move,

the pendulum began to swing, and to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

XXVI.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

A NEW scholar arrived after the beginning of the term at Boylston academy, a well-dressed, fine-looking lad, whose appearance all the boys liked.

There was a set of gay fellows, who immediately surrounded and invited him to join their carousals. They used to spend their money in eating and drinking and amusements, and often run up large bills, which their friends sometimes found it hard to pay.

They wanted every new scholar to join them; and they always contrived, by laughing at him or reproaching him, to get almost any boy they wanted into their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. But this new scholar refused their invitations, and they called him mean and stingy—a charge boys are particularly sore at hearing.

“Mean!” he answered; “and where is the generosity of spending money which is not my own,



and which, as soon as it is spent, is to be supplied again with no sacrifice on my part? Stingy! Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which those friends would disapprove of? for, after all, our money must come from them, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it ourselves. No, boys, I do not mean to spend one cent in a way that I should be ashamed to account for to my father and mother if they asked me."

"Eh, not out of your leading-strings, then? Afraid of your father; afraid of his whipping you; afraid of your mother! Won't she give you a

sugar-plum? A precious chap, you!" they cried in mocking tones.

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of *you*," said the new scholar boldly. "You want me to be afraid of not doing as you say. But which, I should like to know, is the best sort of fear—the fear of some of my school-fellows, which is likely to lead me into every thing low, weak, and contemptible; or fear of my parents, which will inspire me to things manly, noble, and high-toned? Which fear is the best? It is a very poor service you are doing me, to try to set me against my parents, and teach me to be ashamed of their care and authority."

The boys felt there was no headway to be made against such a new scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than in it—all the bad boys, I mean. The others gathered around him; and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their leader and friend. "They study better and play better where he is," said the Principal; "Hunt is a choice fellow, and carries more influence than any boy in school. You can't put him down. Every thing mean and bad sneaks out of his way."

XXVII.

WHEN WE ARE TWENTY-ONE.

WHEN we are twenty-one, boys,
When we are twenty-one,
We'll cast the fetters off, boys,
Our servitude is done;

Before us is the world, boys,
We'll try what it can do:
It promises so fair, boys,
We'll prove it false or true.

There is a ruby cup, boys,
'Tis held in pleasure's hand;
We'll quaff it long and deep, boys,
A happy, jovial band;
And treasure we'll secure, boys,
And honor's steep we'll climb,
And sober thoughts we'll leave, boys,
To those who've passed their prime.

But hark! I hear a voice, boys;
It whispers, "Youth, beware!
Before you're twenty-one, boys,
The dream may disappear—
The blooming cheek grow pale, boys,
And dim the sparkling eye,
And in death's cold embrace, boys,
The active form may lie.

"Talk not of twenty-one, boys,
Talk not of twenty-one;
The present *now* is all, boys,
That you can call your own;
Each moment as it glides, boys,
Its hidden store reveals;
But who can pierce the veil, boys,
Which future years conceals?

"'T were madness then to sing, boys,
And boast of years to come;
Awake from folly's dream, boys,
The Saviour calls you home;
Now while the harvest waves, boys,
The reaper's garb put on,
And gather sheaves for heaven, boys,
Before you're twenty-one."

GRALEY.

XXVIII.

THE SENTINEL AND THE SPY.

A SENTINEL having been placed one day to guard a fort, was accosted by a spy, sent by the enemy to find out, if possible, where the fort might be entered with success; and as he appeared like a simple countryman, the sentinel had no suspicion of the cheat. He however was determined to be very cautious, and say nothing that could endanger the fort.

"You have a very important place to take care of here," said the spy.

"Very," replied the sentinel.

"And you have a very brave and watchful set of comrades."

"Very," replied the sentinel again.

"And I think you must be very thirsty this hot weather," continued the spy.

"Very," answered the sentinel once more.

"Poor man," said the spy, "I feel for you very

much; I have got some drink in a bottle here, to which you are very welcome, and which I am sure will much refresh you."

The sentinel answered not a word; but as he thought a draught of liquor to a thirsty man could not possibly endanger the safety of the fort, he accepted the offer, and put the bottle to his mouth. Upon tasting it, he found it to be very pleasant, and so drank off the whole.

The spy departed, and the sentinel, shouldering his musket, marched backwards and forwards before the gate of the fortress, as usual. But after a little time, he began to feel giddy and drowsy, until at last he fell fast asleep.

The liquor was intoxicating, and the poor sentinel could not resist its effects. The spy, knowing very well what would happen, called together his comrades, and marched rapidly towards the fortress; the sleeping sentinel was stabbed to the heart, and as the garrison had no notice of the enemy's approach, they were all slain or taken prisoners.

We cannot be too vigilant in guarding against the first approaches of the tempter; for a single word may expose our weak point, and show the enemy where he may be able to subdue us; and a single action, that seems very harmless, may lead to our ruin.

Many a young man has begun life with the determination to be very discreet and watchful in his conduct; but has been thrown off his guard by some wily companion, and then betrayed into sin and ruin.

XXIX.

SHOWING HIS COLORS.

ONE of the noblest and bravest of the young English officers who perished in the Crimean war was Captain Hedley Vicars. We are apt to think that a soldier's life is inconsistent with piety; but he united the service of his heavenly Master with service to his country.

While stationed at Halifax, in the year 1851, he one day, in waiting for a brother officer, idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words caught his eye, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Shutting the book, he said "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ."

That night he scarcely slept. It was passed in solemn thought and in prayer. The next morning he said, "The past then is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood." The first thing he did was to buy a large Bible, and place it open on the table in his sitting-room, determined that "an open Bible" for the future should be "his colors." "It must speak for me," he said, "before I am strong enough to speak for myself."

His friends came as usual to his rooms, but they did not fancy his new colors. They laughed at him

for "turning Methodist;" and for a time his quarters were quite deserted. Did that frighten him? No. It was hard work to stand his ground, he said; but the promise did not fail, that "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." Henceforth the word of God was the "man of his counsel," and he set apart no less than three hours each day for the study of the Bible and prayer. At one time he wrote to his sister, "I generally spend four or five hours each day, when not on duty, in reading the Bible and meditation and prayer."

"Every one loved and respected Vicars," said a fellow-officer after his death at the age of twenty-eight. "Those who did not agree with his strict religion, and those who used to know him as the leader of many a mad riot, closely watching him for years after he enlisted in Christ's army, at last gave in, and declared he *never flinched*; that whoever else was not, he was in very truth a *whole Christian*."

This is the highest thing which can be said of a man. Now what is it that makes a *whole Christian*? He *feeds* upon Bible truth. He gives *hours* to the study of God's word, and not a few minutes, which too many people are content to give to the Bible. It is divine truth which makes the soul grow. This is the living bread which nourishes and ripens a man's piety. You see what a prominence this young officer gave to Bible reading. He did not shove it aside for other reading, but made his Bible first and foremost among all his books.

There are a great many young people, boys and girls, all over the country, just entering upon the Christian life. If you would have your piety worth any thing to yourself, *study your Bible*. If you would have your piety worth any thing to others, *study your Bible*. If you would become a "bright and shining light" in the world, or be in any measure a useful Christian, feed your soul with the word of God.

XXX.

JERRY AND THE VOICE.

ONCE there was a little boy whose name was Jerry. He had a kind mother and father, and two brothers younger than he. Jerry's mother often read the Bible to him, and told him how to be a good boy; and Jerry, as soon as he learned to read, used to read about little Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel: he thought no stories were so pretty as Bible stories. He wished he could be like Samuel; he wished God would speak to him, and call "Jerry," just as he did to little Samuel; then he would say, "Here am I;" and he would mind every thing the Lord told him.

"Mother, if *I* could only hear God speak to me," said Jerry. "Every time you think about doing wrong, Jerry, if you listen, you will hear a still small voice in your heart, saying, 'Jerry, Jerry!' That is God's voice; it is telling you to do no sin." "Shall I hear it with my ears, my own ears?" asked he, taking hold of his ears with his



fat hands. "You will hear it with the ears of your heart, perhaps," said his mother. "If you ever are upon the point of doing what is not right, stop a moment; stop still, and listen in your heart, and see if something there does not seem to say, 'Jerry, Jerry, do it not.'"

"And that is God, mother, is it," asked Jerry, looking very sober, "telling me not to?" "Yes, it is God." "And does God speak to every body so?" asked Jerry. "Yes, and he speaks very loudly to

little children, because he wants them to *begin* right. It is *not* listening to him which makes so many bad boys."

"Then God *does* speak to us now," said Jerry, after thinking a little while. "Yes, both in the Bible and in our hearts." "Pulling us back," said Jerry. "Yes, pulling us back from sin. How very good God is to think so much of us." "Mother," cried Jerry, "I mean always to hearken. I mean to be like little Samuel. I mean to hear God and mind him. I am sure I ought to, God is so kind, so good to us, giving us every thing. He gave me my new shoes, didn't he? I should not have had them, if it had not been for God, mother." His mother prayed in her heart that Jerry might ever hearken and obey the voice.

Not many days after this, when Jerry came home from school, he found his mother had gone out. "I wish I had something to eat," he said. "You can go into the parlor closet and get one of the apples that are in the basket up in the corner," said his aunt; "your mother will let you have one of those." Jerry skipped away after one. He opened the closet and went in; it was a deep, large closet, where the children did not often go. The apples looked good, and he took one.

As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nice things. A basket of rich cake stood there, with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "Oh, how good it looks; how good it would taste; I should like a bite."

Jerry looked. "Take a piece; your mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it's a good chance; no body sees you!"

"Jerry, Jerry," spoke the still small voice—"Jerry!" It only seemed to say "Jerry!" and Jerry knew it. He let it speak, and he minded it. In a moment he shut the cupboard door, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that cake without mother's leave, I know I must not, if it looks ever so nice, or tastes ever so good;" and he tried to think no more about the cake, while he went out in the garden and ate his apple. Jerry was very glad he hearkened.

When his mother went to give him the good-night kiss, as he lay in his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Mother, God seems to speak to me, and say, 'Jerry,' as he did to Samuel. I hear him, and I try to answer, 'Here am I;' but, mother, there are other voices too—bad voices. I am happy when I mind God's voice." His mother felt very thankful for the words of her dear boy. Jerry is a great boy now, and his good conduct shows very plainly whose voice he still hears, and still obeys. He is a great comfort to his dear parents.

What is this still small voice? Conscience.

XXXI.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto Mount Carmel. And Elijah came unto all the people, and

said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.

Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken.

And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first; for ye are many; and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us! But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made.

And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. And it came to pass, when mid-day was past, and they prophesied until

the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came, saying, Israel shall be thy name; and with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord; and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed.

And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water.

And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.

Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt-sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones,

and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God!

XXXII.

“IT COMES FROM ABOVE.”

IN France I once knew a poor boy who was called “Little Peter.” He was an orphan, and begged his bread from door to door. He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty-handed. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, “It comes from above.” When his father was on his death-bed—if indeed he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, “My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above: then you will find it easy to bear every thing with patience.”

Little Peter understood him, and in order not to forget the words, he often thought them aloud. When he knocked at a door and the people asked, “Who is there?” he would answer, “Alms for little Peter.” Or he would sing,

“Alms to little Peter give;
Without shoes or hat I go,
To my home beyond the sky;
I have nothing here below.”

They needed no further information, and would give him something at the window or the door.



He acknowledged every gift with the words, "It comes from above."

As little Peter grew up, he used to consider what the expression meant. He was intelligent enough to see that *sin* could not come from God; yet as we must believe that God rules the world, we may well say of every thing that happens, "It comes from above."

This faith of little Peter frequently turned out for his benefit. Once, as he was passing through the town, a sudden wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell on his shoulder and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The bystanders laughed and thought he must be out of his wits, for of course the tile could not come from below; but they did not understand him. A minute after, the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Had little Peter gone on, he would probably have been at that moment just where the roof fell. Thus you see the tile did indeed fall from above—not from the roof simply, but from heaven itself.

Another time a distinguished gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a neighboring town, bidding him make all haste. On the way he tried to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide that he fell in and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in the mud, and could not be recovered. When little Peter got out again, he exclaimed, "It comes from above." The gentleman was angry when little Peter told him of his mishap, and drove him out of doors. "It comes from above," said Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him. "See here," said he, "there are two ducats for you, for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have so changed on a sudden, that it would have been a misfortune to me had the letter gone safely."

I could tell much more about Peter. When he had become a large boy he was still called "Little

Peter." A rich Englishman who came into the town, having heard his story, sent for him, in order to bestow on him some charity. When "Little Peter" entered the room, the Englishman said, "What think you, Peter; why have I sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the Englishman. After musing a while, he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service and provide well for you. Will you agree to that?" "It comes from above," answered Peter; "why should I not?"

So the rich Englishman took him away. We were all sorry that he came no more to sing his pretty verse under our windows. But he had become weary of begging, and as he had learned no trade we were glad that he was at length provided for. Long afterwards we learned that when the rich Englishman died, he bequeathed a large sum of money to "Little Peter," who was now a wealthy man in Birmingham. But he still said of every occurrence, "It comes from above."

REV. DR. C. G. BARTH.

XXXIII.

MOUNG-MOUNG AND HIS NURSE.

DR. JUDSON was one of the first missionaries from the United States. He went to Burmah, a heathen country in Asia. After learning the language, he built a zayat, where he used to sit and teach the new religion of Jesus Christ; and often



he read aloud from the Bible or a tract, to gain the attention of the passers-by.

One day a Burman officer passed with his little son. The child looked into the *zayat*, and cried, "See; there is Jesus Christ's man. *Amai*; how white." And every time they went that way, the child looked in and smiled, and raised his nut-colored hand to the missionary, as much as to say, "Good-morning, Mr. Teacher; I am glad to see you." The missionary's heart was drawn towards the child, and he longed to tell him of that dear Saviour, who "took little children in his arms, and blessed them."

At length the Burman and his son stopped at the *zayat*, and the child brought a tray full of ripe plantains, which he placed at the missionary's feet.

"My little son," said the father, "has heard of you, sir, and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story you tell of that man, and it has quite charmed little MOUNG-MOUNG."

The missionary and the Burman had a long talk about the new religion; and all the while the child sat on the mat, listening with all his might. At last he sprung forward, and cried, "Hear, papa; let us both love the Lord Jesus. My mother *shikoed* to him, and in the golden country she waits for us."

His mother was dead; but before she died, and while MOUNG-MOUNG was a baby, he fell sick, and his mother went to Dr. Judson to get medicine for him; and when the missionary gave it to her, he gave her also the gospel of St. Matthew, and said it was medicine for *her*. She read the book, and found the Saviour; and when she died, she begged the nurse who took charge of the little boy to teach him "the Jesus Christ religion."

As he grew up, the nurse took great pains to tell him about the good missionary, and the little she knew of the wonderful and blessed truths which he taught. The little MOUNG-MOUNG loved to listen, and although his father hated the Christians, he tenderly loved his son, and visited the zayat for his sake. But he never came again; and not long after, the cholera broke out, the zayat was closed, and death and wailing reigned everywhere.

One night the teacher was suddenly called to MOUNG-MOUNG's house, from which issued a wild, wailing sound, as if death were there. No one

seemed to mind the arrival of the foreigner, and he followed the sound until he stood by the corpse of a child. It was all that was left of bright little MOUNG-MOUNG.

"He worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer," whispered his old nurse; "and the Lord who loved him took him home to be a little golden lamb for ever." "See," said the woman, lifting a cloth from the body where a copy of the gospel of Matthew lay on his bosom. "He placed it there with his own dear little hands. *Amai—amai—ai!*" and she cried aloud with grief.

"And how did you get acquainted with the new religion?" asked the teacher of the poor woman. "My mistress taught me, sir, and made me promise to teach her baby, and to go to you for more instruction. But I was alone and afraid. I sometimes got as far as the big banian-tree on the corner, and crawled away again, so frightened I could hardly stand. At last I found out Shway-bay," Dr. Judson's Burman assistant, "and he promised to keep my secret, and he gave me books, and explained them, and taught me how to pray, and I have been getting courage ever since. I should not much mind now, if they did find me out and kill me. It would be very pleasant to go up to paradise. I should like to go to-night if the Lord would please to call me."

Oh, how few opportunities had little MOUNG-MOUNG and his poor nurse in that cruel heathen land to learn about Jesus Christ; and yet those few how gladly did they improve. They turned

from idols, and loved him and trusted in him as their Lord and Saviour, and are now, we trust, safe and happy with him in heaven.

XXXIV.

FABLE OF THE RABBIT.

AMONG the roots of an old oak-tree in a vast forest, there was a rabbit's hole of great age. It had lately come into possession of a younger branch of the family, who it is said inherits all the wisdom of the old owners. The forest was infested by their enemies, and much wisdom and patience were needful not only to live peaceably, but to live at all.

This constant watchfulness was irksome to many rabbits, and the question was often asked by young bloods, "Why were we born in a forest so full of dangers? Rather than be always on our guard, we will *run the risk* and go where we please, and take the consequences;" and the consequences were, that many a rash young rabbit was served up for supper in the holes of the foxes.

"The fact is," the old rabbit used sagely to remark, "the Lord of the forest put us here, and we must make up our minds to do the best we can. Evils there are, we know; but watchfulness and caution will certainly secure to us safe and happy lives."

And he himself was an example of it, for what animal in all the forest, big or strong, was ever

more respected or comfortable than he; and he died at a good old age in his snug little burrow, leaving it to its present occupant. All the neighbors felt sorry for the little rabbit at the old one's death. "He is young, and so exposed," they said.

"Come," chirped robin, lighting on a spray over his hole, "leave this ugly forest, and go to winter quarters with us in the sunny south." "Thank you," said rabbit, "you see I can't afford wings and breath for such a journey; besides, I am well contented where I am."

"I wish you had my paws," said the tiger, in a friendly tone, stretching out his frightful claws, "they would be such a protection to you." Rabbit looked at his own little forefeet and meekly said, that in his case he supposed discretion was the better part of valor.

The lion also stalked up and asked if he should not lend him his roar, for he was sure he needed something to frighten off his enemies. Rabbit thanked the king of beasts for his generous offer, but he thought the less noise he made in the world the better. He felt glad to find so many friends in the forest, but his grandfather had always told him that friends can help very little if one cannot help one's self, and this he determined to do; and an incident that occurred not long afterwards proved that he could do it.

One morning a neighboring fox was early astir, for he was very hungry, and his mouth watered for a breakfast of fat rabbit-steak; "and I'll have one," said the old fox, going straight to the rabbit's bur-

row. He slyly crept over the old stump and took his position above the mouth of the hole, and kept a sharp lookout, ready to pounce upon his unwary prey.

Meanwhile rabbit, though not hearing the noise, waked up and prepared to go forth and nibble his morning meal. But he does not rashly venture out before remembering the dying advice of his aged father, which was something to this effect, and is as good for boys and girls as it is for rabbits: "Watch, lest ye enter into temptation, or be overcome by evil."

He stops, and first snuffs in the fresh air, and he snuffs in also the scent of danger: he is now all on the alert, and looks cautiously about the premises on either side, embracing in his field of vision dry sticks, fresh plantains, and lo! the tip of his enemy's tail.

"No, no, Mr. Fox," says the little rabbit, drawing back, "you cannot tempt me out when ruin is on my track; the tail of danger is not far from the jaws of death;" and he sat at the mouth of his hole in patience, well pleased to look at those things which he could not immediately possess, and quietly abiding his time, when his hungry enemy should become tired of waiting, and hie away elsewhere in search of his morning meal.

He did not know, I suppose, that he was acting according to the words of the wise king Solomon, who said, "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."



XXXV.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou hast prepared a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



XXXVI.

YOUR HAND.

NOT long ago a little boy of four years, playing about a railway, slid into a hole between the sleepers, and while holding on the rail with his two little fat hands, a hand-car came rushing along, and running over them, crushed them to pieces. The poor child was carried home, and when I went by the house the doctors were cutting them off. •

What a terrible loss to befall a child! Look at your hands, and think what you should do without them. How could you eat, dress, wash, take, fetch, hold, carry, cut, dig, pick, write, saw, build, without hands? No machine was ever so wonderful as the hand.

We hear a great deal of mowing and reaping machines, sewing machines, apple-parers, stocking-

knitters, clothes-wringers, carpet-sweepers, large, rude, clumsy, awkward things; while the small, neat, nimble, ready hand can do the work of every one, and do it much better. It costs nothing, does not get out of order, and never plagues you; yet no newspaper puffs it, and nobody, that I know of, thinks much of it.

The great Inventor lets us use it, and keeps it in repair for us without our asking; and we go on, year after year, in the possession of and using an instrument to which we owe so much of our comfort and of every thing we have and do, and which all the skill and learning and talent of all the men on earth cannot replace if we lose it.

Is it not a great thing to have a hand? Look at yours. Observe its motions, backwards, forwards, sideways, round. The thumb and fingers have motions of their own, quick, delicate, obedient, and never tired. How seldom you hear of tired fingers.

There are twenty-nine bones in the hand, put together in a way to secure the greatest strength, activity, and spring. The fingers are of different lengths, you see; that helps to take hold better, and to steady and guide the tool, hoe, knife, or pencil, whatever you work with.

The thumb is a pretty important fellow; it is almost as strong as all the fingers; indeed, the fingers would be quite at a loss without the fat, round, tough, elastic pad of the thumb. Then the cushion of fat spread over the fingers and palm of the hand, how curious it is; put there lest hard work, such

as pulling and lifting, should break the slender bones, or bruise the delicate cords inside.

The nails also, what are they for but to serve as little backbones to the tips of the fingers and the thumb, when they are needed to press hard or to pick up.

No part of the body is as *feeling* as the hand. The cat and eagle have better sight than man, the dog and wolf better smelling-organs; but the hand of man has the keenest touch. The blind, you know, *read* with their fingers.

No animal is born into the world so helpless as a baby. It has no wool to cover its back like the lamb, nor fur like a kitten, no feathers like birds, no scales like the fish, nor a hide like the elephant. These are all born with their clothes on.

But our poor little baby is naked. It has no means of defence. It cannot run like the colt; it has no wings like the bird, or horns like the cow, or fins like the fish. It has no house over its head like the turtle.

Man then is born more helpless than the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, or the fish of the sea. He is born, not with a paw, a hoof, a fin, a wing, but with what is far better for him than all these, *a hand*. These hands are given him by God.

Look all over your house from top to bottom, in every closet, drawer, case, stand, bag; go down street and up street, and every thing you see made, is made by *hands*. Of all the wonderful things in the world, you may be sure nothing is more wonderful than those two hands of yours.



XXXVII.

FOR JESUS.

"MAMMA, does every stitch I take help you?" asked a little girl, as she sat at her mother's side hemming a towel. "Yes," said her mother, "every stitch helps me; it makes one less for me to take." "Then, mamma, it is very pleasant to sew," replied Lucy, "and I shall not mind so much when my thread knots and troubles me; I shall think it is all for you, and that will make it pleasant." Lucy's mother smiled, and thanked her little daughter.

So they sat and sewed silently for a while. By-and-by Lucy's thread became entangled. She pulled and jerked; but instead of helping the matter at

all, she broke the thread; and then, in trying to begin anew, the unskilful fingers were sadly pricked. The tears gathered in her eyes, and a frown on her brow. She opened her lips to say, "Hateful needle!" but just then she caught her mother's eye. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "I almost forgot it was for you."

"I will tell you a better way," said the mother, as she drew the little girl to her lap. "Don't you think you would have succeeded better if you had thought, *it is for Jesus?* You find it very sweet to do things for me; but would it not be sweeter still to do them *for Jesus?*" "O mamma, how could such a little girl as I do any thing for Jesus?" cried Lucy, her blue eyes opening wide with surprise; "he won't think much of what I can do."

"Yes, dear, you can do a great deal for Jesus, and he will think just as much of it as he would of an angel's work. What do you think makes him love any body's work? It is not so much the work as the *love in it*, that Jesus cares about; and a little girl can put just as much love in her work as an older person. If you were busy at play, and I should say to you, 'Lucy, bring mamma's work-basket,' and you go and bring it because God commands you to love and obey your mother, Jesus says, 'There is a little girl who is doing something for me.' When Charlie called you yesterday to build block-houses for him, and you laid aside your new book and went to amuse the baby because it was your duty to do so, perhaps you thought you were only pleasing Charlie; but you pleased the Lord Jesus too."

Lucy looked pleased and thoughtful. "That would be very sweet," she said at length, "to please Jesus. I did not think he cared about such little things. When I grow up a great woman, I mean to sail away in a ship, and tell the little heathen children about Jesus. *That* would please him, I know; but O mamma, how strange that Jesus minds much little things." "No need to wait till you grow to be a woman, Lucy, nor need you sail away in a ship to find work for Jesus. Every thing you do for the good of those around you, with a willing, patient heart, because God requires it, is work for Jesus."

Just then nurse opened the door. "Will Lucy come and amuse Charlie a little while?" she said. "Yes, I will," answered Lucy; and giving her mamma a bright look, as much as to say, "I know whom it is for," she ran away with a new joy in her heart. Charlie was not easily pleased that morning, and Lucy's patience was sadly tried, but she had a secret help now that stood by her. Those sweet words, "for Jesus," made soft music in her heart. That night she did not forget to pray that all her life-work might be done "*for Jesus.*"

XXXVIII.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

BONAR.

RIGHT AND WRONG WAY OF DOING
RIGHT.

"I'M thankful to see you minding your books so, Johnny," said a poor, anxious mother to a stubbed, bright-looking boy who shared the small table and dim lamp with her. Johnny used to like to be off evenings; now he stayed at home and studied his lessons. "Because we have the right master now," said he; "he knows the right way of doing

right: that's what some folks do n't. The master before did n't."

"Right way of doing right?" said his mother; "and what was your last teacher's wrong way of doing right?" Johnny looked as if he did not quite want to tell all that was in his mind, but presently he did. "Mr. Jones, our last master," he went on to say, "punished me for being idle, and dodging my lessons and playing truant; and he ought to have punished me, for I deserved it; but he did it as if he *did n't care*; and so *I did n't care*. I always said to myself, 'Thrash away, old fellow.' He did it as if he was angry, and that made *me* angry.

"Then Mr. Jones went, and Mr. Day came. The boys saw in his eye that they should like him. Well, I was soon at my old tricks again, and after a while *he* had to thrash me. I would n't take another for any thing. He felt *so sorry*, that what should *I* do but feel sorry too! I said to myself, 'What a rascal you are, to hurt Mr. Day's feelings so;' and, mother, I try to be a good boy in school now. I try hard, *real* hard. Do n't you see, mother, Mr. Day does right the right way?"

His mother did indeed, and she said sorrowfully, "Yes, Johnny, I do; and I am afraid there are a great many persons, besides Mr. Jones, who have not always done right the right way."

One day two little girls got into a violent quarrel. Mary snatched Jane's doll, and Jane struck Mary in the face. Their mother parted them, and told Mary to ask Jane's forgiveness, and Jane to kiss and make up. They did as their mother bade



them, but they did it pouting. The spirit of penitence and forgiveness does not speak with pouting lips, or walk with unwilling feet, as they did. So there was no true making up; and as soon as their mother's back was turned, they began to quarrel again. You see they did right the *wrong* way.

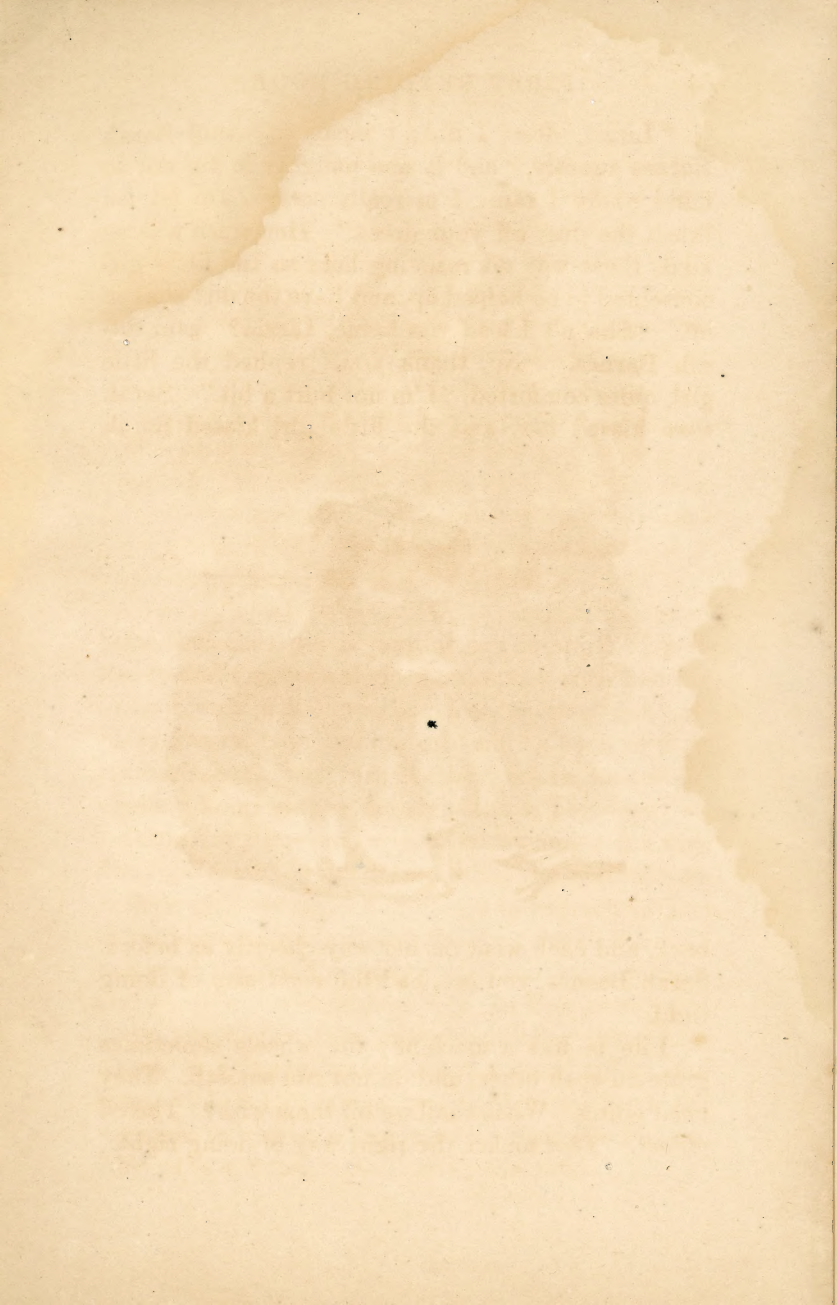
One day there was a loud outcry under our window. We looked out to see what the matter was. A little girl was sprawling on the pavement. "You ran against me, and pushed me down, Sarah Barnes," bellowed the child angrily; "I'll tell your mother, and you'll get a whipping." Sarah Barnes stopped and went back. She was evidently going somewhere in a hurry, and had not minded where she went. "I didn't mean to," said Sarah; "I am very sorry;" and she began to lift the little girl up. "You sha'n't touch me!" cried the child.

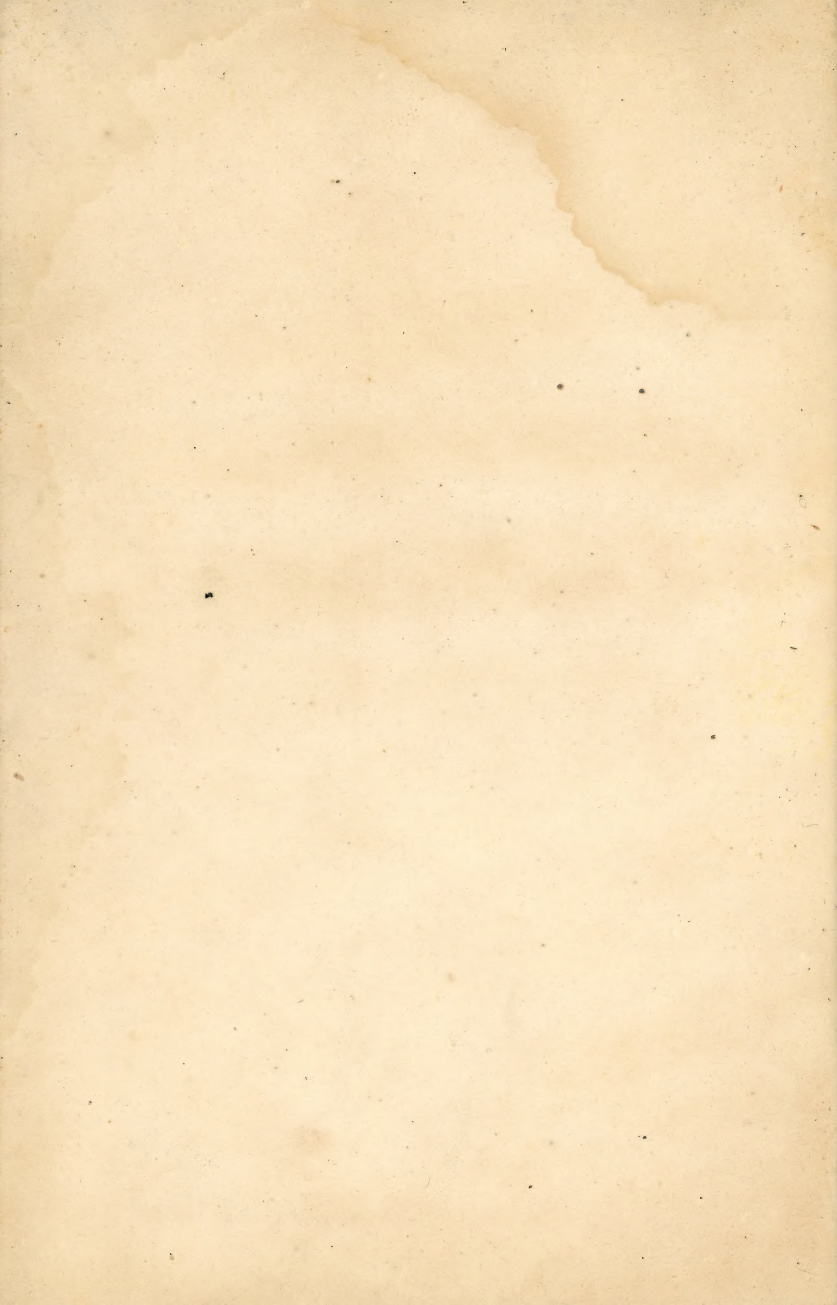
"Lizzie, dear, I didn't mean to," said Sarah Barnes sweetly, "and it was naughty in me not to mind where I ran. I'm really sorry. Do let me brush the dust off your dress." Her voice was so kind, there was no resisting her; so the little girl consented to be helped up, and have the dirt shaken off. "Sha'n't I lead you home, Lizzie?" said Sarah Barnes. "No, thank you," replied the little girl, quite comforted, "I'm not hurt a bit." Sarah then kissed her, and the little girl kissed Sarah



back, and each went on her way cheerily as before. Sarah Barnes, you see, had the *right way* of doing right.

Life is like a machine; the wheels sometimes grate on each other, and do not run smooth. They need oiling. What shall we oil them with? The *oil of love*. That makes the right way of doing right.





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